VOL. VIII.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1854.

NO. 377.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Bra. POWERS'S AMERICA. Written after seeing the unfinished Statue.

The plaster shape, the half-wrought stone, were stan ing side by side; The one was filled with eager life, with fee

and ride Her carnest gaze was turned toward Heaven, arm stretched toward the sky, And inspiration seemed to fall upon her fo

spirit that night!
A hurried word of farewell—and away we dashed through the howling storm!

The other strove to catch her life, her right arm rais ed on high, Her left hand resting on the rods, her face turned to

ward the sky A fife and spirit glowed in her, which vainly strove to warm The rold and lifeless stone, from which half-spran her matchless form.

th stay, thou noble artist ! stay thy completing hand In thy half-finished work I see my glorious father For she, too, has a life from Heaven; there floats b fore her eves The high ideal, which should shape her forming de

But dell remains still cramp hor form, marks of not burst away. gainet the crushing Slavery she struggleth in vain-

The last for conquest and for power, the greedy thirst And bring the fair ideal forth into the open day

spike on in joyful confidence; in every stroke I see The promise of a better day, a glorious prophecy! These galling chains shall fall away, this rude ambi And in their place spring liberty and purity and pea-America shall yet be true to her high destiny,

he shall stand forth, one day, in full completed n

The lust for power, the thirst for gain, the curse

Bring forth that land of Liberty of which our father Strike on in truth and fearlessness-and, Heaven aid

the stroke

## For the National Era SISTER.

CHAP. VI. An avalanche from the mountain of Hope When I recovered full consciousness, I found my key hands supporting my burning forehead,

lided, like a zephyr, from the room. It was a far different face that met my view-a little, thin, rerrow-shaded and fearful countenance,

ended, scarcely above a whisper, "Drink glass of water; Cousin Mary Hyde told me

og at a quaff the contents of the glass. Then, iting the fair child to my lap, I pushed back little Benny, in a burst of griefful confidence, ser curls, and bit my lips to bleeding at the

Or, brother, I know you have been sick and unhappy, away off in that lonesome country! Do take me with you when you go

she does not live here any longer, only comes to keep house in vacation, while Aunt Marsden is gone with Augusta and Mr. Lemoyne"— i involuntarily pressed the arm I had been holding. She storped, and looked up, as if in then a tear.

Once before, sweet eister," said I. folding

her to my aching heart, "once before, you were all the world to me! No; we will not

noment, composed and cheerful, and commeaced a conversation, during which she gave me, without seeming to dwell upon the painful the principal details of the change which the preceding three months had wrought in

alluded to my design of taking her as my com-panion in my wild Western home. After sit-ting wrapped in thought for a few moments, she laid her hand on the girl's white forehead,

of the sacred name!" she emphatically responded. "I am glad you have alluded to this matter, for you will now pardon me for speaking one word which I have longed to say. It is this: Do not judge my poor cousin too harshly for this rash act! Remember what the training of her whole life has been! and she is yet so young!"

Heaven knows I never judged her harshly! the poor girl who had bartered the only heartaffection she ever knew, for a gilded name upon the calendar of fashion! Need enough had she of charity—of pity!

The stage-horn pealed its blast above the wailing of the wind without. As the door swung open, a gust, laden with icy sleet, swept through the low hall, moaning like a lost spirit! Eulalie shrunk shivering to the side of her friend. I longed to meet the fierce blasts face to face; they only were in tune with my spirit that night!

hot-heuse anomalies were those wild-wood flowers! To them I ever give their simple, household, rustic names. Those names smack less of science, but they are simple—oftentimes beautiful and significant. There was the hazy dwarf ginseng, or ground-nut; the wild oats, with its pea-green, slender leaves, and delicate, straw-colored, tube-like corolls; the purple, and still prettier, speckled white wake-robin; and still prettier, speckled

For the National Era.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S HOME. CHAPTER VI. Hannah and Jonathan O, that estates, degrees, and offices, Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor Were purchased by the merit of the wearer."

"Hannah is enough eight better than grand-mother," said I to Benny, as we sat one day, during that memorable visit, in a corner of the kitchen, feasting on a basin of blue-berries, which the watchful care of the former had put by for us. Benny nodded, and gave force to the assertion by a fresh mouthful of berries.

"Do you think she is handsome?" asked I of luxuries; but in the summer, the glorious sum-

"Do you think she is handsome?" asked I of Benny, girl-like. Benny shook his head. "But then," whispered he, "the is very good—so much better than"——. My grandmother's entrance put a stop to all further criticism, and greatly hastened the consumption of the berries.

Good Hannah! she won, and kept, our young hearts by such daily little kindnesses. Were we hungry, who but Hannah had reserved a nice lunch for us in a corner of the little cupboard? Were we thirsty, 'twas she who brought us cool milk from the dairy. Full of gratitude, we tried to repay her in many little nameless ways. We kept the baskets by the hearth, full of chips; we brought apples from the orchard; and every morning, when the whoever they were—poor in this world's hearth, full of chips; we brought apples from the orchard; and every morning, when the yellow blanket was taken from its nail, we ran to set the three-legged stool by the side of the brindled cow, and would watch the foaming milk, while Hannah told us simple stories.

Childish recollections, these, but fresh and grateful to me: for they are fraught with the image of little Benny. When he was gone, and I remained the only invenile appendage to my

I remained the only juvenile appendage to my grandfather's home, Hannah was still to me the same good Hannah as of yore, kinder, if 'twere possible. I loved her better. The childish impulse had changed to deep affection. There was a new bond of sympathy between us; and with time and added experience came a gradual appreciation of her character. There was a simple, rustic beauty in her daily life, that refreshed me, awed by my grandmother's sittest smoking, and cross-legged, still. What in the sittest smoking, and cross-legged, still. What is the same give a true conception of thins in the sittest smoking, and cross-legged, still. did she go through her monotonous routine. She did not work very hard, for my step grand-She did not work very hard, for my step grandmother was a domestic, and, as I have said before, a kind-hearted woman. Indeed, every
member of that household tried, from pure
love, to favor Hannah—even rough Jonathan,
who, Benny once roguishly whispered to me,
was "uncommon kind." Hannah was not
really a servant, but rather an equal sharer of
the labors of the family. She had seen sunnier
days: when serrow came, and one after an and screening my face.

With man's instinctive defiance of sympathy that can take one shade of pity, I started te my feet and turned my face, on which my effort at self-control had stamped desperation, rather than composure, to meet the eye of Mary Hyde.

No. Mary, true to her delicate instincts had tude, and his home became her home ever after. Good Hannah—hers was a gentle and affectionate spirit, refined without culture

She loved little Benny, and was very kind to him. When he died, she grieved bitterly, and begged a lock of his shiny hair. His death touched a tender chord. Way back in her "Drink childhood path had slipped away from her a "little Benny." Aye, and there was a fresher and deeper wound that the habiliments of the grave, and sad rites, made bleed afresh. One day, when we had been talking about

was the old but sad story of a lover perished at sea. Her voice choked, and the tears rolled down. I cried from childish sympathy. "Ah intense gaza. At last, she could bear it no life has been weary and sad to me," said she at length. I thought of my grandfather's more than comfortable home, and foolishly wondered at her. "Was he good?" at length asked I. She pointed to a well-worn pocket Bible. "Was he rich and handsome?" I went on, like a true daughter of Eve. She locked at me with sad astonishment. I was a child— my burst of grief had been sympathetic and evanescent. The lost lover was, after all, to me only the jolly sailor, who should have been rich and handsome as well as good! Ab, sor-row only feels with sorrow! Poor Hannah forgave me, and went on listening to my plain-

beautiful, which, even in her humble vocation. found its many ways of manifestation. It will than all. But, then, it's so lonely now! I have it finds in nature a responsive echo. Even the such a lonely feeling here "—she laid her hand two little boxes of earth, on either side of the front door, gave token of its presence, in the Mary, or with you—or when—when "—she grew violently agitated—"when I used to be with precious mamma!"

I had listened to the child as an automaton might have done. But that leaf word have night have done. But that last word broke with thy tiny, cream colored blessoms, so loaded the spell of my abstraction. It sent me back on the tide of years, to the hour when I first fairy, who dwellest in such freighted cups. Didst thou never east thy gentle spell on lonely Hannah, as she gave thee thy daily bath? Good Hannah! Whose hand but hers kept the solitary white-rose bush, in the corner of the condescending care the few straggling plebei-an marigolds? They were flowers, gandy and poor in fragrance, to be sure; but they were rich in little veins and fibres, and got their

I remember how, when a very little child, after one of those incomparable, sunshiny, nice summer showers, I descried, by the wayside, a little chickweed blossom, laden with a single drop of rain, which reflected all the hues of the rainbow, still glowing in the heavens above. I had never neticed the little flower by above. I had never noticed the little flower before, nor did I know its name, and I gazed in

fore, nor did I know its name, and I gazed in mute wonder. But even now the tiny chick-little head is developing too rapidly for health. I have long wished for some change in her mode of life. She has yet to learn that her books are not the goal of existence!"

I had no motive for delay. Indeed, I felt that I could not, with a calm pulse, meet the mother of Augusta, on her return from D. I determined therefore on immediate departure, and despatched the half-delighted, half-bewildered child at once to her trunk and wardrobe. I found myself tete-a-tete with Mary Hyde one more, a few minutes before the time for cleaving. A tastefully-arranged lunch, set out for the night travellers, presented its plea to mess which, as I felt rather than knew, she hyde, and tried to thank her for all the kindness which, as I felt rather than knew, she had bestowed upon my cherished little charge. And then, as those pure, trustful eyes were raised to mine, an inexplicable impulse to confidence came over me, and I took her hand in mine.

I that no motive for delay. Indeed, I felt that no motive for delay. Indeed, I felt white rose-bush was Hannah's greatest belight. She watched its enfoldings, from the delight of the falling of the last petal, for its rich persuant of the falling of the last petal, for its rich persuant of the falling of the last evanescent rose leaf away in the falling of the mignionette exhaled its brief in fragrance; yot there were always flow are for the rushin flower-lover. God gives them the mignionette exhaled its brief in fragrance; yot there were always flow are for the rushin flower-lover. God gives them the standard of the mignionette exhaled its brief in fragrance; yot there were always flow are for the rushin flower-lover. God gives them the standard of the first fragrance; within one at all seasons, for every beautiful soul to love. When he had a soul the dead leaves peeped that hen, as those pure, trustful eyes were raised to mine, an inexplicable impulse to confidence came over me, and I took her han

For the National Era.

BY HERBERT INGALLS. As one who, wandering in a tangled wood, Where heavy boughs shut out the day, With nought to break the solitude, With nought to mark his devious way, At length emerges into fields of green, Where summer birds are heard and su

> Here to my favorite haunts I come, And breathe again the purer airs That sanctify my quiet home; And thoughts that I would not repres O'erflood the throbbing heart with old-time ha

pipe—peeped out from its sheltered nook, while round it the partridge-vine clothed its rosy petals with down.

Oh, everywhere, the whole season long, that wood sent up a daily new thanks iving to God. In the spring, ere the chill of winter had yet gone, it adorned itself with festive garlands. As weeks went by, cheered by pleasant sunshine, it put on warmer hues, though in the brook-side's coolness there still lingered gentle tints. But when the sun had got high in the heavens, and everything danced with joyousness, what could exceed the gorgeousness of its festive robe, flaunting with yellow lilies, and orchis, and a host of gaudy blossoms?

With Haunab, I love wild-wood life, and could lead the Arab's wandering ways better than a pent up town existence. We all love the tasteful appliances of luxury. Beautiful pictures and harmonious effects minister to this same love for the beautiful, and exert a refining influence. We love in-door winter Though loud without the wild storm rage, There's sunlight still in friendship's smile; The winds their wintry war may wage, But we are happier the while; And in the poet's warbled rhyme,

Our track is not a thornless one :

Thus are our changeful lives made up; And he is ever happiest here, Who has a trusting heart, and walks devoid of fear. For the National Era.

Some bitter mingles in the cup;

A battle lost, a victory won-

BELL SMITH ABROAD. No. XVI. THE HOUSE OF MARAT.

of my visit.

Leaving Place St. Sulpice by the Rue St. Sulpice, you turn down Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, all the while slipping over rounded stones, upon which the fog seems to have condensed in a vile compound, anything but pleasant, and always dangerous; and all the while you keep a lookout for extraordinary carts, the stream of the property of t you keep a lookout for extraordinary carts, towering up above a single horse, which rushes along as if oats were on the rise, or remises that make no pauses, but turn corners as if insane, and you hear the warning cry of "gare," as a chronicle of an accident, having been jammed into an apple-cart, more or less damaged. This is French in the extreme—every one for himself, and the police for us all. The walk, with this exception, is not unpleasant. You are in an ancient part of the city; along these very ways the Roman soldier once strode, the master of the world. But a short distance was a simple, rustic beauty in her daily life, that refreshed me, awed by my grandmother's stately presence. She seemed thin, pale, and spiritless; but, ah! her mild blue eyes looked kindly on me, a little one, and I loved her. blue wardrobe, as thou sattest, with thy nether of which one chamber yet exists entire. At a Yet, after the first repugnance of a decently-bred child had passed away for thy uncouth features and incomparable dialoct, I felt that thou wert, after all, a true "Jonathan," honest, world, now quite as strange-but this is becoming an old story to you. I am, as you cer-tainly must be, tired of this talk about bonnes, students, bourgeois, and other living features of Paris. Here we are, looking at a queer old yellow building, on the corner, three stories in height, and only remarkable for the corner being set off by round towers, telling of a time when every man's house was indeed his castle.

This is the house; here resided the "Friend of speak words of comfort, in cracked but gentle tones. When a little lamb chanced to stray

independent, kind, at times, even to gentleness. Yes; even Jonathan, with his shambling gait, and face for a comic almanac, had, way down

beneath the accumulated dross of his untutored

When any painful mishap had befallen me, the kind soul would lower his harsh voice to

than, with his barbaric tongue, never, like

kindly, actuating motives. "Good Jonathan," said Benny, in the wanderings of his sick bed—

the People." From the low and lonely place emanated those terrible propositions and fiery appeals which made the nobles shudder and thalf the chilly antumn night, till the poor thing was found, and who but the same rough Jonathan nursed it, and took care of it, till it was as well and as strong as the rest! Jonathe very Government shake.

I had walked by the place several times termined to enter-not the most inviting prop osition, for on the corner in the ground floor is a drinking-shop, and several bloused men were then loud of their cups. Nothing daunted, however, we made the attempt. Entering a Hannah, talked poetry, perchance never felt it; but there was a simple beauty in many of his homely actions, that spoke volumes for the narrow passage, we made our wishes known to a concierge, in a dirty, yellow gown, and had much difficulty. But a five-franc seemed to clear her brain, and we were invited to as-"Good Jonathan," echoes my heart, after many Oaly once, since his final exedus from my cend. A narrow, winding stair conducted to a narrow hall, dim and dirty. Here, Charlotte grandfather's home, have I met Jonathan. Twas in that menagerie of all conveyances, a public stage-coach. Save a holeless hat, Jonathan was Jonathan still, with antagonistic nether garments, and a knowing cant to every feature. By his side sat, no Hannah, but a broad-featured, buxom woman, holding in her Corday waited for the servant to convey her request to the dreaded terrorist—for Marat was ill, and bathing; and the domestic had just said he could not be seen. But she was arms a second Jonathan. Twas no infant, despite the rainbow-tinted baby garb, for out from the yellow cap peeped an old Jonathan, troubled mind—what were the thoughts, what from the yellow cap peeped an old Jonathan, in the meager features and sharp gray eyes; aye, and an embryo big heart too! the emotions, crowded into brief moments or that narrow landing?-the few last moment of peace and rest in this world to her. While she waited where for a second I stood, calling So I have given my faint meed of praise to my grandfather's servants. And my grandup the past, the bright sun of a July evening gilded as it set the many domes of Paris, an 's servants were of no whilom race. Gentle and great hearts, beneath rough exteriors, in true poetry in the meaning of that single sentence—of pathos in that tear. Her face was bread and red, her form uncouth, every way uninteresting; but ever after I looked not on the exterior, but felt the big heart beneath!

The want of generalizing power peculiar to low feet. What scenery, and what an event! We entered the room—certainly, at uninviting place. Low ceilings, dingy walls, uncertain light from the narrow windows, made up the place where lived and died this fearful man. The furniture is mean now—but was no better, we are told, when its inmate held in his hand the wealth of all Paris. He fear the state of th multitudinous life. What scenery, and what an event! We entered the room—certainly, an The want of generalizing power peculiar to low Irish, their habit of living for the present only, favors that flow of animal spirits, and singular and died in squalid poverty. Strange fact!

I sat myself in a low, broken chair, and read over the fearfully interesting account—so startling, so apparently without motive, felicity of expression, which the past-profiting, foreseeing Yankee, of the same class, dees not tainly without other results than to add an other tragedy to the already crowded list. Had Charlotte Corday waited but a few days, a mightier than herself would have removed the terrorist. His sands of life, so rudely shaken possess. Ramifications of the great poetic vein which inspired the rustic bard run through the heart of the nation, and scatter over the

land wayside couplets.

Smile not, gentle reader, at this my avowed affection for those whom Providence has placed in such humble walks of life. Means of cultivaby grand events and low debauches, were al-most run—with a single blow she shivered the glass, and gave her name to immortality. tion, kindly and refining social intercourse, have Marat left a sister, who but a short tion, kindly and refining social intercourse, have made us more acceptable than they, and should make us more lenient towards them. To many of God's good gifts there is no exclusive patent; and true sensibility, warmth of heart, gentle sympathies, aye, and a delicate expression thereof, daily pass unnoticed in humble life. since was yet alive in Paris. A friend gives me an interesting account of a visit to her, which I lay before you:

After hearing from the niece of my old washerwoman the interesting account of the death of Marat, and the courageous behaviour of Charlotte Corday after the event, I determined to hazard a visit to the sister of Marat, who was the living Parada Barilleria No. 22 was We know there is a certain obloquy attached to even voluntary servitude, and it is hard, parthen living. Rue de la Barillerie, No. 32, was the address given me. I found an alley, nar-row and sombre, guarded by a low gate. Upon the walk I read these words: "The por-ter is to be found on the second floor." I mounted. At the second floor, I demanded Mademoiselle Marat. The porter and his Mademoiselle Marat. The porter and his wife looked at each other in silence. "Is it wife looked at each other in silence. "Is it here?" I asked, impatiently. "Oh! yes, sir." "Is she at home?" "Always—this poor wo-man is paralyzed in the legs." "What story will I find her?" "On the seventh—the door to the right!" The wife of the porter, who until then had said nothing, exclaimed, in a

> per; the walls without paint showed in full the dirty nakedness of the plaster. Ar-ed under the roof, before a door hadly closed, knocked; after some moments waiting du-ing which I gave a last glance of the eye to

man, added to the illusion—for one remembers the white cloth upon Marat's head at the hour of his death in the bath.

I made the customary salutation, asking, "Mademoiselle Marat?"

She fired her area black and referred to a Select Committee of nine members.

The joint resolution yesterday submitted by Mr. Bocock, explanatory of the law regulating the number of the cadeta to be appointed to the measure, nor to question the motives of its

I made the outdomary salutation, asking.

"Mademoiselle Marat?"

She fixed her eyes, black and piercing, upon me, and answered, "It is here—enter." We passed by a gloony cabinet, where we saw a sind of a bed. This cabinet led to a chamber, way neast, but miserable. The furniture consisting two canaries, and an open armorise which contained some books. One of the windows being broken, it had been replaced by a sheet of clied paper, which threw in the room, from the rainy day, a light gray and dull. I was not able to prevent myzel, in noticing all this, from thinking upon the disinterestedness of these resolutionary kings, who had held in their bands the fortunes and heads of all Paris, and give the resolutionary kings, who had held in their bands the fortunes and heads of all Paris, and give the resolutions was allowed to the remained of the content of clied paper, which threw in the room from the rainy day, a light gray and dull. I was not able to prevent myzel, in noticing all this, from thinking upon the disinterestedness of these resolutions and the same of the same

correct, precise, and vehement. I there recog-nised all the ideas, and of en the expressions, of her brother. Also, she was having over me, added to the gloom pervading the chamber, a strange effect. The terror which attaches itself to the men and things of 1793 penetrated me, little by little; I became cold. This woman seemed less the sister of Marat than his shade. I listened to her in silence—to the words which

Dear Friend: On the corner, near our present residence, stands the house once the residence of the famous Marat, and in which he received, from the white hand of Charlotte Corday, a death that sends them both down to a remote posterity. I take great delight in visiting places where great events have left a crowd of associations for one to gather up and make live again, but I hesitate about attempting to place them on paper. It is like an exhibition of dry bones as specimens of former living beauty. But this place has taken so strong a hold upon my imagination, I cannot resist the temptation of giving you an account of my visit.

I listened to her in silence—to the words which fell from her lips.

"One founds not," said she, "a republic on gold or ambition, but on wirtue. It is necessary to moralize the People. A republic needs pure men, who, to the attractions of riches and the seductions of power, will be inflexible. There is no other glory on earth than to work for the rigid enforcement of just and equal laws. Cicero is great, because he has crossed the designs of Catiline, and defended the liberty of Rome. My brother, himself, is to me something, only because he has worked all his life to destroy the factions, and to establish the welfare of the People; otherwise I would disown him. Monsieur, remember this well: own him. Monsieur, remember this well: it is not the liberty of a part, but the liberty of all, that is required, and this can only be ob-tained through reason and virtue. Tyranny does not spring from the unjust nature of the few, but the debasement of the many. The weed springs from the uncultivated, rank soil; cutting the weeds will not correct the evil. Good must be sown, and sustained in its struggles to take the place of corruption. My brother died at his work. In vain they may assail—they can never efface his memory!

She spoke then of Robespierre with bitter-"There was nothing in common," added she, "between him and Marat. If my brother should have lived, the heads of Danton and Camille Desmoulins would not have fallen."

Interrogated if her brother had been truly the horse doctor of the Comte d'Artois—

"Yes," said she, "it is the truth; and being

e, a little one, and I loved her. ble wardrobe, as thou sattest, with thy nether of which one chamber yet exists entire. At a such, he was pursued, later, by a crowd of use servants generally, she was a garments retreating from the blue hosen, and later date—much later, inde-d—a master of countesses and marqueses, who sought to win

saw her also become angry at some of my ob-servations—it was truly the blood of Marat. The principles advocated by her brother made up the whole legacy left to her keeping. The man, calamitous, sorrowful, and unfortunate, was in her eyes but the passing shadow his doctrines, the substantial good left to all

humanity.

My interview would have been protracted, and perhaps more interesting; but I left impa-tiently, on her alluding accidentally to Char-lotte Corday, and calling her "an infamous ing her brother's assassin; but the language was so severe, and the look so strong. I forgot

and infirmity make it uncertain. The concierge will open this door some day, and find a flickering light blown out." I turned to look at the almost skeleton form

RESOLVES OF THE TOWN OF NORTH BROOK Concerning the Nebraska Bill, offered, vote of said town, for publication in the

he United States, relating to the Nebraska Territory, which repeals the Missouri Compro-

Resolved, That the inhabitants of this town enter their solemn protest against said proposed

compact entered into between the slave and free States at the time when Missouri was adnitted into the Union.

Secondly. Because it will expose to the blight and curse of Slavery a territory of more than 450,000 square miles.

Thirdly. Because, if Slavery be admitted this territory, free emigrants from our own and other lands will be excluded, and new slave instead of free States will be created therefrom.

Lastly. Because, by this measure, the aggressive power and influence of the slave States, already dangerous to our peace and prosperity, will be greatly enhanced; and the next step in its onward progress will be to ordain that slaveholders may remove with their slaves into any State in the Union, and hold and use them

to send a copy of these resolves to the Hon Alexander De Witt, Representative in Congress from this district, with a request that he will present the same in the House of Representaves of the United States. Voted, That the foregoing resolves be offered for publication in the National Era at Wash

ington, and other papers.
A true copy. Attest: HIRAM KNIGHT, Town Clerk.

For the National Bra.

Resolved, by the people of the township of Deptford, in the State of New Jersey, in town meeting assembled, That while we feel it our duty, under the Constitution of the United ry, as legalized and now existing in any of the y, as legalized and increase and increase and increase it, or to favor its introsendency to increase it in the sendency to increase it in the sendency to increase its introsendency to increase its introsendency to increase its increase its increase its increase it

and that the South is in duty bound to fulfil

her part, and to resist every attempt that may be made to violate said Compromise. Resolved, That members of Congress from the free States who gratuitously offer this sur-render of free territory at the shrine of South-ern aggrandizement and Slavery propagandism, have proved recreant to the trust committed to them by their constituents, and are unworthy to represent the interests of freemen.

Resolved, That, regardless of party issues, we, freemen of the North, will oppose this aggressive movement of the slave power by all reasonable freeze.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions b forwarded to our Representative in Congress, and that he is hereby requested to use all hon-orable means to prevent the passage of this

CONGRESS.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS-FIRST SESSION. Senate, Tuesday, March 14, 1854.

Mr. Everett presented the mammoth memo rial, signed by three thousand and fifty minis-ters of the Gospel, of Massachusetts, protest-ing in solemn and earnest terms against the passage of the Nebraska and Kansas Territorial bill. He spoke in high terms of the sin-cerity and high character of the estimable and reverend gentlemen who signed the me morial. He moved that it he laid on the

Subsequently, Mr. Douglas called for the reading of the memorial, and it was read.

Mr. Douglas said this memorial was a response to the appeal made by the Abolition confederates of Congress, and was a natural consequence of the dissemination of the atro-cious libels and slanders contained in that adwhich action was sustained by three-fourths of the body. It denounced that action as a heach of faith as a solution of national en-gagements, and as an act deserving and invo-I surprised her, several times, fixing upon me looks distrustful and inquisitive. The suspicions of the revolutionists of 1793 had not died in her. She avowed to me that she had need of information upon my patriotism. I saw her also become angry at some of offensive papers, which would be quoted here-after as records of the Senate, as showing the Senate had, by receiving, endorsed the acoust and to humanity. It is time that this misera ble electioneering policy should be exposed and

rebuked. or offensive in the memorial, or anything in it which could be tortured into an indignity to the Senate. It was the right of the American People, singly or collectively, to memorialize Congress, and clergymen were no less citizens woman of the pave." I am somewhat ashamed to own this, for it was Marat's sister denounca violation of plighted faith and sacred treaty obligations with the Indians. He had said, b myself. As I rose to go, she followed me to the fore it passed, that the repeal of the Missouri Compremise was as flagrant a breach of faith door, catching at table, chair, and wall, as she passed, staggering, for her infirmities seemed under excitement much worse, and said—

"If you wish more information, come again, and if I am alive you shall have it; but age before Congress, at length; and said that this memorial was an indication of the agitation."

before Congress, at length; and said that this memorial was an indication of the agitation which he had predicted would follow the passage of the Nebraska bill.

Mr. Mason said the memorial did not come I turned to look at the almost skeleton form, dark, threatening, and terrible, and it seemed as if I gazed upon the last phantom of the reign of terror, scowling as it disappeared.

We never met again.

from the petitioners in the character of dark, threatening, and the character of dark, threatening, and terrible, and it seemed as if I gazed upon the last phantom of the reign of Almighty God. The Constitution recognized no persons in such a character. They had laid aside their character of citizens, and as-

sumed that of clergymen.

In that character the memorialists attempt to revise the political action of the Senate, and to call down upon it the vengeance of Al-

Mr. Butler said he had the highest respect and veneration for clergymen, when they confined themselves to their appropriate duties. But these memorialists had come down to minmise, and opens a vast region of country to the admission of Slavery, from which it has, ever since the year 1820, been excluded: Lamb, and, as such, they deserved the censure

of the Senate for their conduct.

Mr. Adams said that the South had labored for thirty years under an act of injustice and its repeal was chargeable to those who had originally imposed that unjust act. As those clergymen had departed so widely from the example of the apostles, their act lost that respect which they sought to obtain for it by reason of their profession.

Mr. Houston followed, denying that the me-

morial contained any invocation of the judg-ments of Heaven upon the Senate. Mr. Everett said the memorial had bee

presented to him but a few moments before it was presented. He had not read it. He dis-claimed any idea of presenting a paper, know-ing it to be offensive to the Senate. He did not believe the signers of the memorial intend-ed anything offensive to the Senate, or to any member of the Senate. He eulogized most highly the purity and character of the reverend gentlemen who signed the paper.

Mr. Pettit followed, proposing that the nemorial be referred to the Rev. Henry Slicer, Chaplain of the Senate, to report to the Senate whether the Nebraska bill did violate the will and law of God. Mr. Douglas followed in further denuncis

dress had called forth this memorial Hr. Houston followed. Mr. Seward justified the memorialists.

Mr. Badger followed, and, on his motion, the

Mr. Appleton asked leave to present the re-nonstrance of more than 3,000 clergymen of New England, against repealing the Missouri

present a bill to prevent and expose frauds on the Pension Office, by the publication of its

alternate sections among the States, [Mr. Kerr's amendment;] which was not accepted. Mr. Disney addressed the House in support of the bill, and concluded by calling the pro- entered into at the passage of the Missouri rious question.

The question on the engressment of the bill

was then taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 90, nays 87.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio moved that the m Mr. Campbell, of Ohio moved that the mo-tion thus decided be reconsidered, and he moved that that motion should lie upon the It would be well for the country if more of our table. The question was then taken upon the second part of this motion, and the result was—

public men were like Preston King. Faithful among the faithless, he has never for a mo-

tive, and the motion was lost. [When Mr. Macy's name was called in the regoing ballot, Mr. Letcher objected to his voting, on the ground that he was pecuniarily interested in the railroad to be benefited. There was some discussion, and the rules were read, sustaining Mr. Letcher's objection; but Mr. Macy said, that before he had taken his seat in Congress, he had sold out all the stock hald by him.

Mr. Campbell then said he would withdraw the motion to reconsider; but it was decided that he could not do so. Mr. Disney made an ineffectual motion to

Mr. Breckinridge also made an ineffectual notion, that the House should go into Commit-A motion was then made that the bill be laid upon the table; which was decided by yeas and nays, in the affirmative—yeas 98, nays 94. tee of the Whole.

the passage of the Nebraska bill, or any other act for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

Also, from citizons of Indiana.

Mr. Seward presented similar remonstrances

Senate, Wednesday, March 15, 1854.

from citizens of New York. from cit zens of Vermont. All of which were laid on the table. Messrs. Cass, and Dodge of Wisconsin, pre sented memorials praying the adoption of measures to procure religious freedom and the right of sepulture to Americans in foreign coun-

resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury and the Light-house Board to deternine the site and the manner of building the light house on Cohassett Rocks; and the same

was considered and passed.

The bill to promote the efficiency of the army, by providing a retired list of disabled officers, was taken up, and passed—yeas 25, nays 10.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideraion of the Contested Vermont Senator's case. Mr. Foot addressed the Senate for an hour. n support of Mr. Phelps's right to his seat. The subject was then postponed, and the enate proceeded to the consideration of Exco-

House of Representatives, March 15, 1854. There was a very thin attendance to-day. The Speaker announced the first business in order to be the reports from the Committee on Public Lands. Mr. Breckinridge moved to suspend the rules

and go into Committee of the Whole; which notion prevailed. Mr. Breckinridge said it was not his purpose now to address the House; but he hoped to do so, in relation to the Deficiency bill, at another

time.

Mr. Bridges arose, and addressed the House in support of the Nebraska bill. He said that when he came into Congress, at the beginning earances it presented. He thought that pruence, order, and good feeling, would characterfrom New York [Mr. Gerrit Smith] and the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Giddings] soon introduced topics of discord and excitement. He had admired the calm and dignified equanimity with which gentlemen of the South had a like the standard, and challenges a political contest upon an issue that many have regarded as fraught with danger to the country and to the Union of the States. I have no feet to standard, and challenges a political contest upon an issue that many have regarded as fraught with danger to the country and to the nessed these attempts to produce agitation. The shafts of the Abolitionists had fallen harm-

less at their feet. tionists and Free Soilers of the North—had em-braced the Nebraska question as a pretext for agitation, in which they were impelled by the most unprincipled ambition.

Mr. Bridges regarded the Compromise of

1850 as having settled all controversy on the subject of Slavery; it had repealed that of very in this country is so deep and strong, that 1820. He reviewed historically the whole subject, and contended that, until the present moment, the Abolitionists had never been the friends of the Missouri line. They had practi-

dwelt particularly upon the ambition of the Abolition North, whose cold and icy hand would grasp all the territory the Republic had acquired. He said it was a miserable subterfuge of theirs to pretend to an interest in the Indians, who, it was alleged, had settled in Ne-braska with a view of a permanent abiding place. He contended that ample provision but the last resort of poor, lingering, dying Abolitionism. But he had no confidence in They care nothing for the negro, except as They were driven to such pretences by dire necessity. This sympathy for the Indian he ridiculed. What sympathy should we or could

man in New England?

Mr. Bridges warmly culogized the Nebraska hill, as a peaceful and beneficent measure for the extension of the area of human freedom.

Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, followed. He was not disposed to do injustice to the opponents of the bill. He would respect the sentitive Enquirer, and others of its ilk, will con-

ments of others—even their prejudices. Were tinue to bear the palm. In the mean time, awards. Referred to the Committee on Pensions.

Would not, where no foe was to be encountered. That chivalry would be too cheap, that would more towards its downfall, as will soon be saidly realized by the braggadocios of the land tered.

subscriber, and twenty-five cents on each renewe's subscriber—except in the case of clubs.

A club of three subscribers, one of whom may be an old one, at \$5, will entitle the person making it up to a copy of the Era for three months; a club of five, two of whom may be old ones, at \$5, to a copy for six months; a club of ten, five of whom may be old ones, at \$15, to a copy for one year.

When a club of subscribers has been forwarded, additions may be made to it, on the same terms. It is not necessary that the members of a club should receive their papers at the same post office.

The following gentlemen will act as agents in the cities named:

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ities named:

H. B. Knight, 48 Beekman street, New York.

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G. W. Light, 8 Cornhill, Boston.

J. A. Innis, Salem, Massachusetts.

C. A. Wall, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Hall, Boston, on the 16th instant, to protest against the violation of national obligations Compromise. The letter does honor to the head and heart of the writer, who is known throughout the country as one of the most able and reliable friends of Freedom, whose integ yeas 92, nays 91.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, called upon the sistency, and now towers far above the reach Speaker to vote, the rules requiring his vote in of his enemies, commanding the respect of all ballots. He accordingly voted in the negaa hearty response from the Democracy of this section.—Bedford (Pa.) R-porter.

OGDENSBURG, February 11, 1854. GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter of the 10th instant, requesting me to attend and address a meeting, to be held in Fancuil Hall on the 16th instant, to consider the Nebraska

I cannot attend your meeting, though is would give me pleasure to do so.

I have confidence that the scheme to carry negro Slavery into the Northwestern Territory will be frustrated in Congress now, or here-

after, by the decision of the political issue of slave propagandism, which Mr. Douglas's scheme presents and proposes to test in the next Presidential election. Should the bill pass Congress, it will place Mr. Douglas at the head of the party interested to accomplish its object, and the inverests of free labor and slave labor will be brought into direct collision upon an issue to be decided at a Presidential ele tion. The free labor of the United States will Mr. Summer presented numerous memorials not, in my opinion, permit African Slavery to from citizens—men and women—of several be extended and mixed up with it—to degrad the now unoccupied Territory of the free Wes plish this wrong, and should be resisted by all conorable means. The measure is full of evil; its passage would violate and nullify one of the most solemn compacts between different inter would demonstrate that acts of Congress in the form of compromises are subject to the will of the majority for the time being, and the act of a temporary majority on one side will after-wards be made to justify opposite action; it would dissipate the idea of the solemnity of the sacred character which has been invoked for such acts of Congress. The scheme of Mr Douglas also proposes to change the Constitu tion, by changing the established construction of those who framed it. He seeks constitutional principle and authority in the spirit not in the words or language, of the Constitution.

> overthrow has at all times washed out what ever heresy it had established. Our country has passed through many pe ils. A good and wise Providence has overruled them all. The Omnipotent still reigns, and by the inscrutable law of Providence the machsion, and bring destruction to the evil doors Still the battle between good and evil must be fought by men, responsible every man for his own action. In the controversy between Freedom and Slavery for room on this continent the friends of Freedom might learn a lessor from their adversaries. They should learn to be united—cease to be anxious whether "Paul" or "Silas" is the greater man. They may desire out they must not expect perfection, and they should agree to vote together for the better side, and against the worse, until an adminis-tration shall be elected because it is favorable

This latitudinarian doctrine of construction

although several times set up, has never long prevailed in this country; and when set up, its

The gage of battle thrown down by M Douglas challenges such action. The tyranny and proscription practiced by slave propagand ism against all who do not bow the knee to

issue presented.

The friends of the Compromise Measures of 1850 declared that these measures would not extend Slavery into free territory. That opin ion prevailed, and the country acquisseed the measures. Agitation ceased. The frien of those measures now present that Comproto the polis at the next and subsequent eleccally opposed it always.

In the course of the argument, Mr. Bridges
to the polls at the next and subsequent elections, until this question is settled, and settled.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Abolitionists shrink under the lash because they have no high sense of justice or reason to sustain them in the struggle. For the most had been made for their welfare. This was part, they are men without honor or character purely on speculation, and to serve selfish ends. There can be no courage where there is no their sympathy. They affect sympathy for the negro, but possess no more of it for him than for the inhabitants of the most distant planet. of the Abolitionists should occasion no surprise. Feeble women and boys of tender years have a transport of enthusiasm, or under the impulse of some high purpose. The Abolitionists have we have for the enemy of our race? Could we forget the bloody tomahawk? Could we forget the bloody scenes of Wyoming? Could we forget the atrocities committed by the red man in New England?

M. Philose was all title of the devotion as of the courage of the martyr. In their conduct they betray the hesitating and skulking timidity of conscious imposture and charlatanry.—Richmond Enquirer.

and more towards its downfall, as will soon be

It was his belief that it would be wiser and There is a boy in Chicago, fifteen years of "Miss Hyde! Mary! you have been witness to a moment of weakness! but, you are a friend!"

A friend, may I ever prove myself worthy

There is a boy in Chicago, fifteen years of duction in the trailing arbutus, loaded the sir with frage with frage, fifteen years of duction in the United bams, declarative of the essential importance bams, declarative of the essential importance of railroads, and recommending the repeal or of railroads.

There is a boy in Chicago, fifteen years of duction in the duction of the duction of the country, and the recommending the repeal or of railroads.

There is a boy in Chicago, fifteen years of duction in the duction of the country, and the recommending the repeal of railroads.